

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## LADY LOVELACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JUDITH WYNNE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

They who 'gainst stiff gales laveering go,  
Must be at once resolved and skilful too.

THE fates seemed all to be blowing one way just then, and Phil was most certainly neither skilful nor resolved enough to "laveer" against them. They blew him straight into Hyde Park, after he left Grafton Street. "Surely," he said to himself, "a stretch over the frosty grass will be the best thing to bring my wits back again!" And they sent whirling right across his path a brougham, in which was seated a lady in deep mourning.

Phil knew in a moment this was Mrs. Thorne, before even the brougham pulled up alongside of him, and the lady beckoned to him with her card-case. He wished her, to say the least, in another hemisphere, so indisposed did he feel to discuss with her Rodney and Rodney's affairs—a subject which he felt sure would come uppermost—that morning.

Her first words proved to him his conjecture was correct.

"I was going to call on you this afternoon, Mr. Wickham, to ask your assistance on a matter connected with my son's will. Perhaps you can spare me three minutes now, while I explain it to you."

She might have been saying "my son's marriage-settlement," for the calm, unemotional manner in which she uttered the words. Yet Phil, as he looked closely at her, thought he had never seen a woman more changed by grief in so short a time as Rodney's mother. She had aged by at least ten years; her hair was white as the snow which lay on the untrodden grass; her fine, arched brows were drawn into a

close, lowering frown; her face looked sunken, withered, yet withal stern and hard as iron.

She interpreted Phil's bow to be one of acquiescence, and proceeded to explain her wishes.

"I am just returning from my solicitor's. I heard my son's will was placed in their hands by you, so I need not repeat to you its contents. I need not also, I suppose, tell you how repugnant to my feelings would be the carrying out of such a will. That fact must be patent to all."

Possibly Phil's raised eyebrows expressed that the fact, at any rate, was not patent to him, for Mrs. Thorne's manner visibly increased in frostiness as she went on:

"I think it due to you, as executor to my son's will, Mr. Wickham, to be perfectly candid on this matter with you, and I tell you plainly that sooner than hand over one splinter of my son's possessions to—to this young person he mentions in his will, I would contest the matter in a court of law."

"I do not think Miss Selwyn would be likely to contest the matter with you in a court of law," said Phil, wishing to show unmistakably on which side his sympathies were enlisted.

"I am very glad to hear it. In that case I imagine she will be likely to accept the offer I have made to her through my lawyers of full money-value for my son's property in lieu of the property itself."

Phil made his face a blank.

"I really have no authority to say whether she will or will not, Mrs. Thorne. I only know that she has received such an offer."

"But you seem to me—or it is possible, I should say, that you may have some influence with this young person, and if you would exert it to induce her to accept

my offer, I should be very much obliged to you."

Phil kept his eyes obstinately fixed on the crape trimming of the lady's bonnet, and made no reply. The repetition of the words, "This young person," grated on his ears.

Mrs. Thorne went on once more, the slightest possible shade of annoyance showing in her tone:

"Money, I should imagine, must be of very great importance to her. If you would kindly make her understand she may fix her own price on these things, without limit—I repeat, without limit—I shall be exceedingly obliged to you."

Phil was obliged to say something now.

"Miss Selwyn is not one to whom money would be of first importance. I know for a certainty there are things she would value far more," he said, bringing his words out very slowly, very distinctly.

"And those things are?" queried Mrs. Thorne, as she racked her brains to discover what a girl in Lucy's position would value more than pounds, shillings, and pence, and could only think of rubies and diamonds.

"Kindness, sympathy, love," answered Phil sturdily; "due recognition of her position as Rodney's affianced wife."

Mrs. Thorne's eyes flashed like carbuncles in the sun's rays.

"Stop, Mr. Wickham! Such words are not to be addressed to me. You forget I am in full possession of every fact connected with my son's intimacy with this—this young person."

But Phil was not to be silenced now. The time had come, he felt, when Lucy's name and reputation must be championed.

"You are under a thoroughly wrong impression, Mrs. Thorne, regarding this young lady. Her intimacy with Rodney was of the truest and purest kind. An angel from heaven—my own sister—might have formed it without disgrace. Miss Selwyn is at the present moment staying at a house in Grafton Street you know something of—Lady Moulsey's. Would this be so, do you think, if what you imagine were true?"

He had it in his heart to say a great deal more. He never felt more inclined in his life to lay the burthen of Rodney's misdoings on his own weak, incapable shoulders; but time and place were not exactly appropriate or convenient.

Mrs. Thorne simply raised her eyebrows.

"I would prefer not to discuss the ques-

tion," she said icily. "I have asked your intervention in this matter as one of Rodney's earliest and best-loved friends. It seemed to me, if you had any regard for his memory, you could not fail to see how unfit it was that these possessions of his should pass into the hands of strangers. Do you know—are you—can you be aware that there are in his rooms at Jermyn Street things that have been in our family for generations, and, more than that, there is his writing-table, filled, no doubt, with his private papers? Would you have such things as these tossed and turned over by strangers' hands?"

"By strangers' hands? No——" began Phil.

But Mrs. Thorne interrupted him.

"I see you decline to act for me in this matter. I must do what I can without your aid," she said, as she gave him a cold little bow of dismissal, and signalled to her coachman to drive on.

Phil stood still for about three minutes, looking after the carriage as it disappeared at the farther end of the road. Had he done the best he could for Lucy Selwyn, after all? Was there not another word he ought to have spoken on her behalf, which somehow his lips had failed to utter? Ought he not to have said: "Not this young girl, but another, dazzled and turned your son's brain till he forgot alike duty and honour?"

These were the questions that rose up in his mind, and which, somehow, his counter-questions, "Where would have been the use? What good would it have done?" failed to answer satisfactorily.

"I must just let things take their course. Evidently I can't do much one way or the other," he said to himself as he made his way briskly over the frosty ground. "I sincerely hope they will adjust themselves in a day or two, so that I may be off to America with a clear conscience."

But alas! with or without a clear conscience, the trip to America was not to be undertaken. When Phil got back to his hotel there was a note waiting for him from his friend Arthur Kenrick, which stated that the shooting-party it had taken so long to collect together had come to a sudden collapse, on account of the death of "some old fellow in the shires, who happens," so Kenrick wrote, "to be a near relative of two of the fellows who were going, and who has left them a lot of money, and some property somewhere or other. It's a confounded nuisance, but I've promised

them now to put off our trip till the spring, so I suppose there is nothing for it, old fellow, but to grin and bear it."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

To Lucy Selwyn, that day, it seemed as though the face of heaven itself were clouded over. Neither at luncheon nor at dinner did Miss Yorke make her appearance. The latter meal, eaten in sole company with Lady Moulsey, was an altogether dismal affair, enlivened only by the worthy old lady's random answers to every question Lucy addressed to her. As when, for instance, Miss Selwyn, remarking the frequent ringing of Sir Peter's bell upstairs, hoped that another attack of gout was not pending, received for answer:

"My dear, I hope he'll be punished this time. He richly deserves hanging, if ever a man did."

Poor lady! she had just laid down her newspaper, relating the capture of one of the Irish "invincibles," who had many times eluded the vigilance of the police, and she thought Lucy must be alluding to that event.

Lucy crept upstairs to Ellinor's room when the dreary meal was at last ended.

"May I come in?" she said, softly tapping.

And to her great surprise, for she fully expected a denial, she received answer that she might.

Ellinor was seated on a low chair close to the fire; the remains of her dinner were still on a small table not far distant, beside which stood the patient Gretchen waiting for the signal for her dismissal.

"You may go," said Ellinor, as Lucy entered.

Then Gretchen and the table of provisions disappeared together.

How like some Eastern queen of poetry or romance Ellinor looked in the soft light of the candle-lamp which hung near! She had on her afternoon tea-gown of some soft dark brocade; her magnificent dead-leaf hair hung en masse to her waist; her attitude was that of languor, repose, meditation, for her hands lay limply on her lap; her head, with face upturned to catch the light of the lamp, reclined on the cushions of the chair.

Now and again a tongue of flame would leap up in the low-burning fire, and would throw an extra gleam on the pure, pale face, the darkly glowing eyes, the deliciously curved and full lips. To a poet, seen thus, she might have suggested the idea of Day

dying in the arms of Night. Harry Effingham, A.R.A., had seen her once in much such an attitude, in much such a garment, and it had suggested to him an opposite idea—a coming back to life, not a sinking into death. He had asked and obtained permission to paint her thus, in half-reclining attitude, as Alcestes given back from the grave. He had spent six months of valuable working time over it; then, Pygmalion-like, had fallen in love with his own creation, refused to exhibit it, and had hung it in his studio instead.

It would be difficult to say by what vagary of inspiration the face and form of the most selfish woman nature possibly ever turned out of her workshop should have suggested to the artist mind the ideal incarnation of feminine devotion. Yet so it was.

Lucy gave her one long, steady glance, full of humble, honest admiration. Then she drew a footstool and sat down at Miss Yorke's feet.

"In all the world," she said softly, "I do not believe there is another woman as beautiful as you!"

There came a look of pain into the beautiful face, a sudden contraction of the brows, a drooping of the eyelids.

"Everyone does not think so," she answered slowly.

The answer startled Lucy. The words and the look combined puzzled her and set her thinking.

"Something or someone has pained you to-day?" she queried, with salves and balsams ready to hand, would only the sufferer tell her where lay the wounds.

"Yes"—a simple, hard, unsuggestive "yes;" nothing more.

"You do not wish to tell me what has grieved you?"

"Where would be the use? I have no wish to set you against the only friend you have in the world."

"The only friend I have—Mr. Wickham! Oh, what can he have done?" cried the astonished Lucy all in a breath.

"Only this: he charges me with a deed, a sin, a crime which I have not committed—which I will not be charged with. I have defended myself once to him—I will do it again no more."

"He charges you with a crime! What crime?" and Lucy's eyes grew round with the surprise she felt.

"The crime of coquetry, of winning a man's heart for the sake of breaking it.

He thinks this is easy work for me, having no heart of my own."

"You—you no heart! Oh, my darling, where should I be now if you had had no heart?" and Lucy buried her face in Ellinor's dress, and burst into tears.

"Hush!" said Ellinor, smoothing the young girl's soft, dark hair caressingly; "you silly, silly child; why do you trouble yourself in this way simply because people do not understand me? Hush, hush! your eyes will get red and swollen again as they were a week ago."

It was full three minutes before Lucy could calm herself. During the three minutes that her face was hidden in Ellinor's dress there arose in her mind, and rested there for many a long day afterwards, a very fair and pleasant picture of these her two benefactors, all misunderstandings between them cleared away, joining hands in that perfect, highest form of friendship which we dignify with the name of love. A form of friendship so suitable between a handsome, generous-hearted young fellow of six-and-twenty, and a beautiful, unselfish young woman some two or three years his junior.

When at length her voice grew calm enough to be trusted, she hazarded a conjecture.

"This—this suspicion, this wicked, wicked thought, cannot come out of Mr. Wickham's own heart; it is too good and true to have such thoughts in it. Some one must have whispered it to him."

Ellinor gave a real honest start.

"I did not once think of such a thing as that; perhaps you are right," she answered, as though a new vein of thought had been suddenly struck and laid bare to her.

Lucy did not notice the start, but went on following out her own train of thought.

"He has no sisters, no mother, no cousins even to put such things into his head. Is there no one else? Ah, I remember——" She broke off suddenly as the recollection flashed into her mind of a certain afternoon when Rodney had shown her Phil's photograph as that of his earliest, dearest friend, and on her exclaiming, "What a great, strong, handsome giant he looks!" had replied: "For all that, there is a little girl down at Stanham who can wind him round her little finger."

"What do you recollect?" queried Ellinor, and she asked the question as though it had a great deal of interest for her.

"I recollect Rodney saying one day there was someone at Stanham who loved Mr. Wickham—at least, I supposed that was what he meant."

"There is a little country-girl at Stanham—a sort of cousin of mine—who is playing fast and loose with him, I believe."

"Playing fast and loose with a man like Mr. Wickham! Oh, how wicked!" cried Lucy. "Why, if she even she, Ellinor, the self-engrossed, the self-centred, could not fail to remark it."

"Take care, Lucy, or I shall begin to fancy——"

But what she would begin to fancy under certain circumstances was not to be uttered. A look of such real pain passed over Lucy's face that even she, Ellinor, the self-engrossed, the self-centred, could not fail to remark it.

"You forget," Lucy said gravely—nay, solemnly, "such thoughts as those can never again come to me. I am as much widowed as though I wore a wedding-ring."

"Forgive me, dear, for forgetting—yes, I know," said Ellinor, rising from her chair to end the talk. "Now will you say good-night; there are two or three things I want to think over before I go to bed."

Lucy also had two or three things she wished to think over before she went to bed that night, and it is just possible that her subject for thought might have been identical with Ellinor's. At any rate, they most assuredly had nothing whatever to do with her own affairs; for it was not until nearly two days after this that she had sufficiently made up her mind on the matter of Mrs. Thorne's offer through her lawyers to be able to write Phil a brief, decisive letter.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

PHIL, when he received Lucy's letter, thought at first his senses must be leaving him, so utterly amazed and bewildered did he feel. He had passed a miserable, restless, ill-at-ease two days himself, doing his best to kill time, and wondering all the while why he was so anxious to slay the old conqueror. He had called upon every friend he had in London—save Mrs. Thorne—far and near. He had visited six theatres and two concert-rooms on the two consecutive evenings, and had come away with as rooted a distaste for modern amusements as any "habitual playgoer" of forty years ago could have had. Then there had



come this letter still further to worry him. What did it mean? Was he mad, or was Miss Selwyn mad—or was the postman mad, and had brought him someone else's letter by mistake? It was ridiculous, inconceivable, unheard-of! It would have been all very well for a young fellow in the heyday of life, and with a fine fortune at command, to write such a quixotic letter, but for a young girl with nothing but a pittance of fifty pounds a year to depend on, it was simply monstrous! And Phil took up the offending missive and read it through once more.

Thus it ran :

“—, Grafton Street.

“DEAR MR. WICKHAM,—I have at last made up my mind what answer to send to Mrs. Thorne's proposal, made to me through her lawyers. I most positively and distinctly refuse to receive one penny from her in lieu of Rodney's property, to which I am entitled by his will. I will waive all right to this property, and make her a free-will offering of it in its entirety—just as it stands, I mean. And this I do, not because the things are not unspeakably precious to me, but because she is Rodney's mother, and she loved him.—I remain, very sincerely yours,  
LUCY SELWYN.

“P.S.—Will you kindly communicate with the lawyers, or shall I?”

“It is madness—sheer madness, and must not be permitted,” Phil said to himself, and there and then took his hat and set off for Grafton Street to prove to Miss Selwyn that it was “sheer madness,” and to talk her out of it.

Lucy, however, was not to be so easily talked out of her scheme. She was very sweet, very gentle that morning, but showed a firmer front than he had thought it was in her to show.

He reasoned with her briskly and he reasoned with her slowly; he reasoned with her on the unreasonableness of Mrs. Thorne's offer, and he reasoned with her on its injustice and impropriety.

All in vain. Lucy listened to every word he had to say, did not once interrupt him, nor show the faintest sign of impatience, and then very quietly expressed her intention of adhering to her resolution. Rodney's mother should have Rodney's things intact; so far as she was concerned, there should not be one word of contention on the matter.

And then Phil gave up reasoning—she was evidently one of those sweet, good

women who were born utterly destitute of the logical faculty—and walked up and down the room haranguing and addressing her with a vehemence that was new to and rare with him.

Just as much in vain. The haranguing and addressing fell as flat as the reasoning. Lucy waited till he had finished, and then said simply and quietly, without even rising from her chair :

“Will you write to the lawyers, or will you call on Mrs. Thorne for me? I would rather you called on her if you didn't mind; it would be pleasanter to me if the lawyers had nothing whatever to do with the matter.”

And then Phil stood still in front of her and asked another question in reply :

“Does Miss Yorke know of your intention, and what does she say to it?”

It was only by making a huge effort—bringing himself to the point, as it were—that he could mention Ellinor's name at all. Why this was so he could not account for even to himself, for all the time he had been arguing and reasoning, haranguing and addressing, he had kept his eye upon the door, and had been wondering in his own mind : “Will she come in this morning? Shall I see her? How will she meet me?”

Lucy shook her head in reply.

“I have not spoken to her on the matter. I did not like to worry her with my affairs—she has troubles enough of her own.”

“Troubles of her own!” echoed Phil, who had somehow always taken it for granted that when Ellinor Yorke was born Fortune was merry, and in a mood to give anything except troubles. “Has anything happened—is her sister worse, or her mother taken ill?”

“Oh no, no; I was not thinking of troubles of that sort—downright heavy sorrows. I meant she was worried, sad, just as kind, noble-hearted people often are when they are not understood by those about them.”

She was looking steadily at Phil as she said this. Evidently she was speaking with a purpose.

Phil caught her meaning and felt a little guilty, a little bewildered. It was strange to his ears this advocacy—warm, generous, sincere—from Lucy's lips. Would she—could she have spoken thus had she known all?

He was still standing in front of Lucy; he would rather have held his tongue,

but could see that she expected him to speak.

Well, it should be in generalities then.

"I suppose we are every one of us more or less of an enigma to those about us," he began.

"Oh no, no," interrupted Lucy; "don't say every one of us. Only one here and there, and that one possibly nobler and better than the rest of the world. Ah, if I could but make you understand what a grand, true, good woman Ellinor Yorke is! And that without any fussiness of goodness about her."

"Grand, true, good!" Was it possible those were the right adjectives wherewith to qualify the womanhood of Ellinor Yorke? Great Heavens! if this were so, how he had wronged her by thought and word. But yet—

Lucy interrupted his thoughts again. She was far more ready to speak than he was.

"But I ought not perhaps to have spoken in this way; I can see I distress you. I know Ellinor would be very angry if she could hear me. But I owe her so much, I love her so, I would lay down my life for her!"

"Would lay down her life for her!" thought Phil. Heaven and earth! and if it had not been for this woman Lucy might at that very moment have been in Rodney's arms and held to his heart.

His silence became oppressive.

"Do—do forgive me," pleaded Lucy, "but I love her so."

Phil spoke with a great effort at last.

"Anyone you love must be worth loving, Miss Selwyn," and he meant his words as he said them. Then he paused, and with a still greater effort added: "Will you mind the trouble of charging yourself with a message from me to Miss Yorke. I owe her an apology for some—something that passed between us the other day. Will you kindly tell her I own myself to have been utterly in the wrong, and I beg her pardon most sincerely?"

Lucy's face brightened, and her heart seemed to give one great glad bound. Somehow, when she said good-bye to Phil about five minutes afterwards, she could not help feeling that she had done a very good morning's work indeed. She had given up property to about the amount of ten or fifteen thousand pounds without the chance of a sixpence in return,

and, still better, she had possibly sown the seeds of a lasting amity—if nothing more—between her two dearly-loved benefactors.

## SHILLINGBURY SKETCHES.

### OUR AGITATOR.

IN an earlier paper I described how, once upon a time, the tranquil current of our corporate life at Shillingbury was rudely disturbed by the advent of a certain Abel Whitlocke, and how he set to work to upset various comfortable institutions—abuses, Abel called them—which had existed for more years than the oldest inhabitant could remember—institutions which might have gone on as they were to the end of time, according to the verdict of all right-thinking people, without anybody being one penny the worse.

It may be remembered, perhaps, that Abel Whitlocke's great stroke in his career of destructive activity was the transformation of our ancient grammar-school from what it had been since the days of Master Christopher Sendall, its worthy founder, into something like a modern classical and commercial academy. Soon after this great work was brought to pass, Abel Whitlocke vanished just as suddenly from our firmament as he had come into it. Perhaps he was satisfied with his achievement; perhaps, after so great a success, he feared to run the risk of marring his reputation by a failure in another attempt; or perhaps, like the Macedonian, he found nothing else worthy of his assault in Shillingbury, and sighed for new worlds to conquer.

But Whitlocke, when he removed his presence from our midst, had lingered long enough amongst us to found a school; his words and his deeds had not fallen to the ground unfruitful, but we did not know the full extent of the spread of his influence so long as he remained in Shillingbury. Perhaps his disciples were daunted into silence by his somewhat aggressive speech and manner. Perhaps it was part of his teaching that they were to sit at his feet quiescent until he should be translated to another sphere, and his mantle should have descended upon the shoulders of the most worthy of them.

Just at the corner of Church Lane stood The Duke's Head Inn, a cosy little place, and eminently respectable withal. Of course it had no pretensions to vie with houses like The Black Bull, or even with

The White Horse, but bagmen of the humbler sort would often stay the night there, for Mrs. Lightfoot, the landlady, was a capital cook, and a tidy woman all round. In the little parlour a few of the smaller tradesmen and mechanics, who were not eligible on the score of their social position for admission to the more exalted circle which met, under Mr. Walter Tafnell's presidency, at The White Horse, could generally be found every night, discussing in a sleepy sort of fashion the stirring events of the last six weeks, and now and again, when some traveller might be there on his round, listening with open-mouthed attention to his wonderful stories of London or "The Shires," and to his not very complimentary remarks as to the state of affairs in Shillingbury and other similar places.

Up to the time of Abel Whitlocke's arrival in Shillingbury, the gentleman of the road who might happen to be present in The Duke's Head parlour would have it all his own way in the conversation. No one of our home-dwelling youths would have had sufficient confidence in his homely wits to set up anything like a show of opposition; but there came a time, dating from a certain evening when Abel looked into The Duke's Head for a glass of beer, when the errant knight of commerce found that he could no longer walk over the course as heretofore. Whitlocke was a steady man, and a sober one, and had no idea of going to the public-house to drink away his brains and his wages, but he liked above everything the sound of his own voice and the sight of a circle of appreciative listeners, so he took to going to The Duke's Head every Saturday night, and this fact being noised about, there was always on these evenings a parlourful of the advanced thinkers of Shillingbury ready to listen to the strange doctrines he might put forth. Whitlocke spoke well; for a man of his station he spoke very well indeed. He had a wide range of experience, full of interest to his hearers, and thus the school was formed. Amongst the most regular attendants and faithful disciples of the new teaching was a young blacksmith named Abraham Docken. He was a shrewd, clever fellow, with a mind of that cast in which the minds of analytical philosophers are made. He was a man who always wanted to know the why and the wherefore of a matter, disinclined to take anything on faith. With him it seemed to be a sacred duty to pull down and turn

inside out, rather than to let be. A hurried and imperfect education had just stimulated his mind to action without calling up any inclination to enquire whether the action in itself was legitimate or serviceable, or whether the consequences would not bring a hurricane about his head; and with a nature thus inclined, Whitlocke's teaching fell upon his ears as pleasantly as rain upon a thirsty garden. Abraham was a steady, sober lad; indeed, all Whitlocke's disciples were of that sort which is not in the habit, to use a landlord's expression, of doing much for the good of the house. Mrs. Lightfoot was heard to say more than once that, though she would never harbour a drunken man in her house, she did not see how she was to get a living and pay her rent, if all her customers were to sit the whole evening through without calling for anything more than a pint of twopenny ale. Docken worked just as well and deftly in his father's blacksmith's shop, after as before he took to spending his Saturday evenings at The Duke's Head, though the old man, as time went on, and rumours as to the sort of topics which were discussed in Mrs. Lightfoot's kitchen got abroad, would look rather askance at Abraham as the latter would put on his hat after supper on Saturdays, preparatory to starting to spend the evening in Abel Whitlocke's society; and would all through the week let drop sarcastic speeches about some people, just out of short jackets, who thought they knew more about everything than their betters, and warnings as to the danger of fore-gathering with strange folk who came from nobody knew where, and might be nobody knew what; but of all these hints, gentle and otherwise, Abraham took little heed. If he happened to be shoeing a horse at the time, he would use the rasp with extra vigour, and bend down so low, and double himself up in such a manner, that one would fancy he would hardly ever be able to straighten himself out again; or if he was at the forge he would bang and clang with his heavy hammer in double time, so as to drown altogether the monitory remarks of his parent.

In addition to the contempt of whisper-snappers, and the general conservatism which are almost inseparable accidents in parents blessed with rather clever and very bumptious sons, Mr. Docken, senior, was a steady disbeliever in progress of all kinds. So far, he was an undoubted pillar of the state; but this was not all. He was

one of the most regular church-goers in Shillingbury, and had sung bass in the choir ever since he had possessed a bass voice to sing with. Now they who remember aught of Abel Whitlocke's early exploits will understand that any opinions he might put forth would not be of the sort to command Mr. Docken's approval, and so it was. He let his son have plentiful notice of his disapprobation—first in the form of sarcastic hints; then of personal and definite oburgation; and finally of muttered reflections that many a man had ended his days on the gallows who had begun by treading in the same path as that into which Abraham had turned his steps.

But Whitlocke, as I have already remarked, did not tarry long in Shillingbury. After his disappearance Mr. Docken drew his breath more freely, and exhibited a less stern and uncompromising attitude towards his son; by way, perhaps, of showing to the lost sheep that the door of the sheep-fold of steady respectability was still open, and that all would be well again if Abel Whitlocke and his sayings were forgotten; but the metal of which Abraham was made would not bend so easily as this. The lad went less to The Duke's Head, it is true; but, as if to console himself for the loss of his mentor, he began to take in a weekly London newspaper, and the literal food he gathered from its pages was certainly quite as strong meat as any of the verbal nourishment he had picked up from Abel Whitlocke's utterances. He was as steady a young man and as good a workman as ever, but he refused to listen to his father's hints about going to church at least once on Sunday. Surely and almost imperceptibly he became the leader amongst his associates by reason of his keen wit and strong will; and, as the memory of the founder of the school grew dimmer when regarded across the lapse of years, it was often remarked that Abraham Docken could talk as well as ever Abel Whitlocke could.

In all communities, by the friction of the separate atoms of society, a sort of electric force is generated, and this force gathers itself into negative and positive poles, just as surely as does the fluid of the physicist's battery. There will be one force which makes for the preservation of law and order—for the support of whatever is, for the maintenance of the reins of power in the hands which already hold them; and another force which, completely divested of all reverence for existing facts, would pull

down right and left, postponing anything like reconstruction till the plain should be cleared, and heedless of the fact that society cannot get on without institutions of some sort or other. It is almost unnecessary to mention which of these forces controlled the thoughts and actions of Abraham Docken.

When Abraham had reached the age of twenty-four, he married, and took flight from the paternal nest. By his marriage also he added to his stock of offences in his father's eyes, for he chose the daughter of a Primitive Methodist local preacher, instead of mating with a decent church-going woman, as all the Dockens before him had done. He hired a small house with a few acres of land attached to it, and started farming in a small way; but he still worked pretty regularly in his father's shop. There was less cordiality than ever between the two men, for the father never mentioned his daughter-in-law's name. One crowning sorrow, at least, Mr. Docken was spared. Abraham kept away from the meeting-house as persistently as he had absented himself from the parish church hitherto.

Just outside the town, on the Bletherton road, was a waste piece of turf, upon which were generally lying a lot of felled oak and ash trees. Here, on fine Sunday mornings, Abraham would betake himself with his newspaper in his pocket; and, before long, half-a-dozen or more of his comrades would join him, and, sitting upon the tree-trunks, would listen eagerly to anything that he might read to them from the journal of progress.

In England a man may read a great deal of subversive literature, and indulge in a tolerable amount of treasonable talk, without feeling the strong hand of the law, or the cold shoulder of his neighbours; but let him once lift his hand, let him attempt, ever so slightly, to transmute his doctrines into action, and he will find that he is treading on altogether different ground. And so it was with Abraham Docken. His father growled at the young man's perverseness, it is true, but then fathers are often given to growling at the goings-on of their sons, particularly if the sons show any tendency to follow a line of their own. Still, his mother was kind and tender as ever, as mothers often are over real black sheep—and Abraham, with all his failings, was not of that colour. His employers, finding that his work was as good as ever, did not trouble themselves



that he sat on a fallen tree and read the *National Reformer* on Sunday mornings, instead of going to church or chapel, and take their custom away from him to give it to a blacksmith with proper beliefs as to the relations of Church and State. Our rector, Mr. Northborough, would often stop at the forge to have a chat with Abraham, and once lent him an elementary treatise on mechanics. He also showed some interest in a contrivance which Abraham had rigged up for saving labour in blowing the bellows. Mr. Northborough recognised a keen intelligence whenever he might find one—it was not an everyday occurrence in Shillingbury—and Abraham interested him. Perhaps, when he saw that Abraham was trusted to shoe horses and make bolts, in spite of his reputed Chartism and Freethinking, he may have reflected that Shillingbury on this question was more liberal than a great seat of learning had proved itself on a certain occasion when it decided that one of its most distinguished mathematicians was unfit to teach recurring decimals on account of some long-ago formulated objections to the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. Mr. Winsor, of Skitfield, was pleased to express his high satisfaction at some repairs which Abraham had done to the ornamental iron gates of the park; but this was while the young blacksmith was reading and thinking, while the fire was burning within him, and giving no manifest token of its existence.

There was in Shillingbury a worthless vagabond named Ned Howell, poacher, petty larcener, drunkard, and general prey of the rural police. One Monday Howell was brought before the bench, charged with killing a pheasant in the Skitfield Woods. Mr. Winsor, of course, retired while the charge was being heard; but his colleagues were soon convinced of Howell's guilt, and fined him a sovereign and costs, with the usual option of spending the appointed time in Martlebury Gaol, should the money not be forthcoming. The game-keeper's heart grew light as he listened to the term which the chairman pronounced, for it would keep Mr. Howell safe in hold till the shooting would be over, and considerably lighten the task of night-watching. No suspicion crossed his mind that the ragged ruffian in the dock would be able to pay the sum demanded; but in this case he reckoned without his host, or, more correctly speaking, without Abraham Docken.

Abraham happened to be in court that morning, and was by no means so clearly convinced of the value of the evidence upon which Howell was to be sent to prison, as was the worshipful bench. He knew, too, that if Howell went to gaol, the home must be broken up, and the wife and children sent to the workhouse; and Mrs. Howell was a tidy, respectable woman, who managed to bring up her children fairly well, in spite of the dead-weight of her husband's rascality. So, just as the clerk had made out the commitment, Abraham elbowed his way into the little pen where the minor officers of the law congregated, and paid all that was required to let Mr. Howell walk out of court a free man—to make fresh inroads upon Mr. Winsor's pheasants, and probably to be brought up again at the very next sitting.

And with the move above recorded Abraham passed from the region of precept to that of practice. Figuratively speaking, he drew his sword and flung away the scabbard thereof. Nor was it long before he was reminded that his challenge had been accepted. The head-keeper, on his return from the petty sessions, gave a full account of the proceedings there to the agent, illustrated by divers comments on Abraham Docken's doings. All this, in a gathering flood, was poured into the ears of Mr. Winsor himself by the agent; and the upshot was that the latter went one morning to the blacksmith's shop and asked Mr. Docken the pertinent question whether he thought it was likely that Mr. Winsor would go on sending his estate work to be done in a shop where the chief workman was one who took upon himself to back up all the bad characters of the place in their ill-doing?

Abraham was at work at the inner forge, and as soon as he heard the agent's voice he came forward and answered on his own behalf; and his answer was not one calculated to make matters run more smoothly. He gave good work, he affirmed, in return for his pay, and having done so, there was no further question between Mr. Winsor and himself. What he might do outside his workshop was no affair of anybody's. He himself disapproved entirely of many of the so-called charitable associations which Mr. Winsor supported, but he did not think it his duty to run over to Skitfield and say that, if the subscriptions were not dropped at once, he would refuse to do the estate work. The agent might take that as a message back to Mr. Winsor

if he liked. Abraham meant no disrespect, it was a plain statement of fact and nothing else.

The old man looked on in hopeless despair while Abraham was thus breathing defiance to a foe whom few in Shillingbury would dare to tackle. He reproached his son bitterly when they were left alone; but Abraham was wise enough to keep silence. The work from Skitfield continued to come in, however, so Mr. Docken began to recover hope that the storm might blow over.

But the preparations for war were going on. Ned Howell lived in one of a row of dilapidated cottages on the road to Brooksbank End. They were copyhold, out of repair, and about as undesirable a parcel of real property as anyone could imagine; but in spite of this, within a fortnight, they passed into the possession of Mr. Winsor, and Ned Howell, who was a weekly tenant, was turned out to find a home elsewhere. But that was no easy matter. Under any circumstances no one would have accepted him as a tenant, except as a last resource, and now he might apply in vain, even to the most embarrassed landlord, since anyone letting him in would certainly incur Mr. Winsor's high displeasure by giving house-room to such a rascal. For two nights he and his family slept in a barn; but on the third they were installed in a half-ruined cottage, which stood upon one corner of Abraham Docken's plot of land. Anyone, however, who knows anything of the far-reaching power of landed wealth in a country place, or of the implacable animosity of a good man whose coat has been rubbed the wrong way, will be prepared to hear that Howell did not long inhabit undisturbed the ramshackle ruin into which Abraham had allowed him to creep. Very soon there was an interview between Mr. Ribstone, from whom Abraham hired his bit of land, and the Skitfield agent. Mr. Ribstone sent many a hundred-weight of meat every year into Mr. Winsor's larder, and from time immemorial his prime Christmas oxen had been grazed on the Skitfield home-farm. To a novice it may be hard to see what all this has to do with the further eviction of Ned Howell—as hard as to define the connection between Tenterden Steeple and the Goodwin Sands, but those who knew the ways of Mr. Winsor and his agent were not surprised when, two days before the legal date, Abraham Docken received notice to quit and yield up his holding with all its

appurtenances at the end of the next half-year.

Nobody knew better than Abraham himself what a worthless scamp Howell was; it was equally plain to him, likewise, that his own character must justly suffer by his association and persistent patronage of this black sheep; but men as obstinate as our friend Abraham was, take little heed of consequences. He saw plainly that it was a struggle between Squire Winsor and himself over Howell's unclean body, and he resolved that he would fight it out to the end, come what might. Though he was no longer able to find a home for his protégé, he kept him in funds, and in the parish. The wife and children he succeeded in housing in a village some miles distant, but for the head of the family he procured a lodging at a low public-house in Shillingbury, which neither enjoyed Mr. Winsor's patronage nor drew his beer.

And then, for a space, there was a truce—a truce, that is to say, from the great battle, but Abraham Docken was not the sort of man to be happy unless he had a fight of some kind or another going on. He carried on a bitter war with the vaccination authorities, rather than allow his youngest baby to be operated upon, and fought and routed the churchwardens over the collection of a church-rate. There was a bye-election for the county division, and Sir Foxall Matlock, a nephew of Mr. Winsor's, came forward to win the seat for the Liberal party. When he came to make a personal canvass of Shillingbury, his smooth, smug Whiggism was rudely shocked by certain awkward questions and pertinent comments from Abraham, who ended by working his best for the Tory candidate, saying that he preferred an open foe to a false friend. At the election, Sir Foxall was badly beaten, and a band of choice spirits—Ned Howell amongst them—went over to Martlebury, under Abraham's guidance, to help to groan down the defeated candidate at the declaration of the poll. But the great catastrophe had yet to come.

Some three years before, Mr. Winsor had lost his wife—a lady who had, probably, during the course of her life, listened to more sermons and figured in more subscription-lists than any other person of her time. After her death, her husband determined to perpetuate her memory by adorning the parish church with a stained-glass window. The window Mr. Winsor chose was not one of the sort now in vogue,

made up of ladies who would seemingly be more at home on the wall of the Grosvenor Gallery, or of the angular saints and angels of the mediæval school. The severe evangelical turn of Mr. Winsor's opinions naturally made the latter impossible. The late Mrs. Winsor, who had been a great patroness of missions to the heathen, and had likewise erected some almshouses for decayed draymen in Mile End, was represented in a red robe and a blue gown, with a trowel in her right hand, as if in the act of laying a first stone, while her left showered tracts and testaments to a crowd of imperfectly-dressed heathens of all shade of colour. Bishop Chicham came over to preach in honour of the inauguration of the memorial, and the prevailing opinion of the district was that there was not such a handsome window to be found anywhere else in all the country, not even in the cathedral at Martlebury. One night, as Ben Gibbons, a game-watcher in Mr. Winsor's employ, was coming down a lane which ran round by the churchyard, he was surprised by the shining of a sudden glare of light through the new west window. The vivid colours shone out for a moment, then all was dark again, and then there sounded in his ears the crash of an explosion. Ben, who was a quick-witted, plucky fellow, ran at once to the side-gate of the churchyard, which was nearest to him; but before he reached it he cannoned violently against another man who was going in the opposite direction. Ben seized him, and found that he had captured, down by the churchyard, Mr. Ned Howell, the very man he had been looking for in the preserve. He dragged his prisoner round to the keeper's lodge, where he left him while he went in search of the rural police. Arrived upon the scene, the intelligent constable at once decided on paying a visit to Howell's lodgings, and, on repairing thither, they found, sitting on the bed, and apparently awaiting the occupant's return, no less a person than Abraham Docken.

When they returned to the church they discovered that Mr. Winsor's new window had been completely ruined by an explosion of gunpowder. The prisoner's hands were stained with powder, and a box of matches was found upon him. Taken thus black-handed, he was sent for trial at the next assizes.

This was the supreme crisis in the fate of our agitator. After this ill-starred coincidence his fastest friends fell away from

him. Mr. Winsor himself called at Docken's workshop and told the old man that, much as he liked and respected the master, he could not continue to send the estate work to his shop, so long as he harboured a man who seemed to take a pride in abetting and protecting the most atrocious offences. Docken was now getting an old man, and the blow was a very heavy one. He recognised the reason and justice of Mr. Winsor's remarks, but he felt rather sore at hearing such hard words spoken against his son by another, though he had often said things much more severe himself. He answered the great man respectfully, remarking that he was grateful for all past favours, but that he did not exactly see how he could turn his son, with his wife and children, adrift at a moment's notice. Mr. Winsor rode away with something else than charity in his heart, and the old man set to work to consider how he might best repair the ugly gap in his business, which the loss of the Skitfield work would make.

But before the evening of that day, Abraham himself had cut the knot of the situation. He went to his father and told him that he had made up his mind to go to Australia, since every man's hand seemed to be against him in the old country. He sailed the next month for Melbourne, so Mr. Winsor was saved the trouble of looking out for a new blacksmith.

Of Abraham in his new home tidings came in course of time. He went up country to a township in process of formation, where he soon got together a large and thriving business. Later on we heard that he had opened a general store, and was an extensive landowner, and in a recent journal I saw his name mentioned as a candidate for his district in the approaching elections to the Legislative Assembly of the Colony of Victoria.

#### BY THE RIVER.

ONLY the low wind wailing  
Among the leafless trees;  
Only the sunset paling;  
Only the grey clouds sailing  
Before the western breeze.

The girl beside the river,  
With strained ear and tired eye,  
Nor saw the crimson quiver,  
Nor heard the willows shiver,  
As the low wind swept by.

For sight and sense were roaming  
Across the barren moor;  
Oh, was he never coming,  
Through the dull autumn gloaming,  
As in the days of yore?

Oh, bright blue eyes that glistened,  
 Oh, happy blush that rose,  
 Oh, foolish heart that listened,  
 To the faithless lips that christened  
 His love the "wife he chose!"

How oft he turned in leaving  
 For yet another kiss!  
 How he soothed the girlish grieving,  
 And swore that no deceiving  
 Should ever cloud their bliss!

He left when summer sunlight  
 Was full upon the stream.  
 He made his truth her one light,  
 And in the autumn dim light,  
 She faced her broken dream.

She knew her idol shaken,  
 She knew her trust was gone.  
 What hope dead faith can waken?  
 Betrayed, forgot, forsaken,  
 The woman stood—alone.

Hushed was the bitter weeping,  
 As o'er her closed the night;  
 When dawn on dark was creeping,  
 The morning breeze was sweeping,  
 Where broad, and pure, and white,

The lilies awayed to cover  
 The fair pale face beneath;  
 Where, pain and passion over,  
 Freed from a faithless lover,  
 Sorrow lay hushed in death.

#### COLDBATH FIELDS.

IN making a short cut from King's Cross towards the City, people sometimes come across a gloomy parallelogram of high blank walls, with a clock-tower showing above, which they may learn is Coldbath Fields Prison. These walls enclose a considerable space of ground—nine acres, or thereabouts—and cast a gloom over a neighbourhood that must have been once pleasant enough. Mount Pleasant, indeed, runs before the very gate of the prison, and with a gleam of sunshine lighting up the old-fashioned red-brick houses, that have the air of comfortable, cosy dwellings, and now mostly occupied by jewellers, clock-makers, and metal-workers, the name appears not inappropriate. Here, too, Coldbath Square opens out with its nice eighteenth-century houses, whose carved doorways and panelled entrance-halls are suggestive of the genteel personages who once occupied them, but pleasant enough still, with swarms of healthy, cheerful-looking children on the steps, and workmen in their shirt-sleeves looking out of the upper windows. Here, too, still exists the Coldbath House, supplied by the chalybeate spring, in whose waters, we are told by the advertisement over the door, Nell Gwynne was accustomed to bathe. The original spring, however, discovered by Walter Baynes, A.D. 1697, of the nature of St. Magnus in the north, and St. Winifred's in Wales,

famed for the curing of most nerval disorders, is within the prison walls, in the yard where the old treadwheel stood—itself a pretty good cure for nerval disorders.

The field where the prison now stands was known in old times as Sir John Oldcastle's Field, from a tradition that here the famous Lollard knight suffered martyrdom; and a tavern called The Sir John Oldcastle stood close by, where there was a canal in the Dutch taste, and fishing therein for the patrons of the house. Cobham Row further records Oldcastle's connection with the neighbourhood, for he was often called Lord Cobham, having married the heiress of that barony, and close by is Turnmill Street, where the clack of waterwheels could once be heard from the Fleet Brook below. It is said that the knight once lay concealed among the parchment-makers of that neighbourhood.

Not far to the eastward were the Mulberry Gardens, which were planted in the reign of our English Solomon, James the First, the King having encouraged the planting of these trees, wishing to establish the cultivation of silkworms in England. The mulberry garden in the west is now the site of Buckingham Palace and its gardens; but that of Clerkenwell, with less happy fate, is occupied by the twin prison known as the House of Detention, or shortly, among its inmates, past and prospective, as the "Tench. A curious sight is the out-of-the-way corner by the entrance of the House of Detention, where one or two policemen are always standing, with idlers loitering about, waiting for news of friends within; a cab, perhaps, waiting at the corner, and women inside, their eyes all swollen and red. There is always a certain bustle of coming and going, and a certain free-and-easy atmosphere about the place, that recalls the prisons of an earlier and less rigid period. Public-houses flourish in the neighbourhood, and hang out signs inviting the custom of prisoners and their friends, for most of the prisoners here are untried, and have the privilege of out-commons, if they have the means to pay for it.

And yet in outward appearance this Clerkenwell New Prison, as it is sometimes called—and new it really was some seventy years ago—looks inexpressibly old and shabby, with its dingy red-brick walls, once battered by Fenian explosion, and over all the top of a huge brick funnel, suggestive of mysterious doings inside, and appalling to



popular imagination. It was these huge, ugly prisons that destroyed the pleasantness of Clerkenwell, once the pleasantest and healthiest of all suburban districts. And if, as has been suggested, the prisons with their gloomy appurtenances are carried farther afield, there is a little hope for some return to former conditions. We may yet see a drinking-fountain, supplied by the Coldbath spring, in the midst of the green turf of Oldcastle's Field, and the old mulberry gardens may show once more the early blossoms of spring. But if, instead of this, the ground is to be covered by gloomy workmen's barracks, then we may have to say that, æsthetically, we regret the old prisons.

And, after all, looking up at the great gateway of Coldbath Prison, you must acknowledge something imposing about it; the frowning walls, the towers seen above, have a kind of feudal impressiveness. The great gates swing silently open, and a tall, white-bearded warder appears, who would do credit to the portcullis of some royal castle; a van drives in with a clank and a swing, while armed guards are hanging on within and without. The gate closes with a clang, and there is now time to admire the massive archway, where a lion's head grins over the keystone, while between festoons of chains and shackles you may read the inscription: "1794. Middlesex House of Correction, 1866."

The great gate is only opened for vehicles—the prison-van from Clerkenwell Sessions, with its batch of prisoners freshly convicted; other vans of less sombre character—Pickford's van, for instance, with a few bales of stuff to be worked up by the prisoners. But in the thickness of the flanking wall there is a little postern-gate, with a grating in the iron-studded door, and through this we gain access to the prison. We are delayed a few minutes while the gate-keeper examines our credentials, and then a warder takes us in charge, and leads us across an open courtyard, surrounded by high walls, with their iron chevaux-de-frise, to the gateway of the actual prison—an entrance sombre and striking enough, with something of the old-fashioned dungeon feeling about it. And here we have to wait for a few moments in a bare, gaunt room, where a respectably-dressed woman, with her little boy, is waiting with an anxious brow for an interview with her husband, who is a prisoner.

"Can't see your man to-day," said a warder, entering hurriedly, and addressing

the woman. "He's been a bad boy, and lost his privilege." The poor woman sighed deeply, but did not seem surprised. "What's he been doing of now?" she asked rather bitterly, and as if she had a certain amount of sympathy with those who had to look after her man. "Well, I'm not allowed to say that," replied the warder cautiously. "But you come again this day week, and I expect he'll be all right again;" and the woman moves wearily away, chilled and disappointed. We are now fairly started on our rounds, beginning with the gloomy corridor of the old prison. Something worth seeing, this, as realising the old-fashioned ideal of a prison—a strong, gloomy, vaulted passage, with a solemn ray of light at the farther end, where a warder stands with a bunch of keys, and is lighted up into the very figure of an ideal gaoler. This corridor, with its echoing stone pavement and dimly-lighted cells, is what remains of the prison of 1794, about whose history some little interest clings.

The justices of Middlesex, who reared, at the cost of the ratepayers, this baronial pile, have had for centuries a considerable corporate cohesion, and have been accustomed to act a leading part in the government of that portion of the metropolis which is beyond the City boundaries. In the year 1614 we find them about to build a House of Correction for the county—the name expressing the censorial authority claimed by the magistracy, who were expected not only to punish crime, but to repress vice, immorality, heresy, profane swearing, and the deadly sins generally, and to inculcate morality and virtue. Not that the paternal character of the correction made the prison in any way a school of reform. The Middlesex Prison was no better than its neighbours, and it was partly as a work of philanthropy, and to carry out the ideas of the admirable Mr. Howard, that Coldbath Prison was commenced.

But the sight of this great building rising in their midst, seems to have suggested to the populace that here was a kind of menace directed against them. The French Revolution was yet in course of working out its marvellous transformation; the Bastille, that emblem of autocratic power, had fallen before a popular insurrection; and here, on this side of the Channel, a new Bastille was rising to overawe all discontent with the existing state of affairs. Ardent young politicians

encouraged the notion, and in their hot youth, Southey and Coleridge fulminated against the prison in the Devil's Walk—

As he passed through Coldbath Fields he looked  
At a solitary cell.

Indeed, the solitary system, upon which Coldbath was first conducted, might well excite popular reprobation. Nothing so cruel had been known even in the days of prison torture. But popular reprobation exaggerated the physical cruelties of the system, and the governor of the prison was accused of barbarities which probably had no existence. But the rumour got abroad of tortures and cruelties exercised upon the prisoners, and an excited crowd assembled round the prison walls, full of anger and indignation. The prisoners within, well aware of the sympathy they excited, added to the effect by giving vent to the most doleful groans and agonising shrieks. The cry went forth that the torture was now going on, and had the crowd found a resolute leader, a tumult would have arisen which might have given a strange, unexpected turn to the course of affairs. It was then that first the cry was raised about the Fields, "Down with the Bastile!" and it is curious to find a trace of this little bit of veritable history preserved in the cant name of the prison among the prison-haunting classes, for "the Steel," as they call it, is evidently a contraction of that once opprobrious term, "the Bastile."

Soon after, a riot broke out in the prison itself, and encouraged by the presence and enthusiastic shouts of a formidable mob outside, the prisoners had almost succeeded in mastering the prison authorities, when the assistance of the military was invoked. There were no regular troops available, but Clerkenwell was then strong in volunteers, with a squadron of light horse, with Hessians, plumes, and tight hussar suits—five hundred strong or so—and a battalion of infantry—eight hundred fine infantry—mostly young men of means and position, for Clerkenwell at that date was a favourite residence of the City aristocracy.

And so the Clerkenwell Light Infantry were marched into the prison, bayonets fixed, pieces loaded and primed, pig-tails fiercely curling beneath the tall Prussian shakos, and each man with eighteen rounds of ball cartridge in his pouch. The riot collapsed at once at the sight of this strong force, and the leaders of the émeute submitted quietly to be ironed under the

muzzles of the volunteer musketry. In consequence of these disturbances the governor of the prison was removed; but his fault seems rather to have been laxity of discipline than any actual ill-treatment of the prisoners under his charge.

From that period little happened to vary the dull records of a prison, till the period of the first Reform agitation, in 1830, when a considerable number of political prisoners were detained at Coldbath Fields, and the authorities, in the excited state of public feeling, feared an attack upon the prison to rescue the popular favourites. The warders were armed, and patrolled the battlements, ammunition was laid in, and the prison was prepared for a regular siege. But nobody came to the attack. And then by degrees the prison that had in its first conception been considered as a model one, became in its turn old-fashioned and antiquated, and so, at the time of the second date inscribed on the gateway—1866, that is—the prison was partly pulled down and entirely remodelled on the modern radiating or spider's-web system, with long corridors like the spokes of wheels about a central hole of observation.

And into this new portion of the prison we are presently ushered; a stirring sight, with its long radiating wings open from basement to roof, with light iron galleries running round each stage of cells, which you view from an immense circular grating, from the centre of which can be seen every part of the immense area. Not a gloomy place by any means, but rather lightsome and cheerful, with a quiet echo of distant footsteps among the iron galleries, little bands of prisoners marching here and there in front of a warder, others singly wheeling little trucks filled with stores or carrying bundles of work. The dark grey suits of the prisoners and the blue uniforms of the warders mingle in not inharmonious groups. Here are light, and warmth, and fresh air, and employment sufficient to occupy the mind, without the torture of over-mastering toil, with the certainty of food and shelter. One wonders that the half-starved denizens of the slums of London do not come in a body to participate in these advantages. And yet the place is not popular. The diet, if sufficient for health, leaves an aching void in the interior, and then there is enforced abstinence, and the strict, rigid discipline: all these make the notion of a prison sufficiently unpalatable to the many, although one or two may be found here and there

who find their lot more dreary when at liberty.

And then while the central view of the great prison-house is lively and varied, there is a terrible monotony in the different sections of the building. Cell after cell appears, the very fellow of its neighbour, each with its card with the criminal's number, his sentence, and the date of its expiration, with a schedule of the marks he has earned for good conduct. The only difference is in the colour of the cards—white for Protestants, and orange for Roman Catholics, for the moment that a man comes within the clutch of the law, his religion becomes a matter of importance. He may never have troubled himself about the matter before; but now he must elect under which of the religious banners he will serve. For the benefit of visitors one of the cells is kept completely furnished, and fitted up with all the belongings of a prisoner, but there is nothing attractive about this except to a professional eye; there is not even a dummy figure, like that in the Health Exhibition, to give an air of reality to the scene. But to see a real prisoner in his real cell during his leisure moments, sitting on his prison-stool, and musing upon the fate of man, or reading one of the books provided for prisoners, this would be a study worth taking. Unfortunately this cannot be allowed at Coldbath Fields. There are celebrated captives here, at whom many would give much to have a peep; but prisoners stand on their rights, it seems, and object to be peeped at. So that in this particular aspect the prisoner must be unknown to us. But in every other part of his life at Coldbath Fields our prisoner is in full evidence: we see him marching about the corridors, or standing with his face to the wall, waiting for admittance to his cell. There are over thirteen hundred of them at this moment in the prison—the exact daily average is thirteen hundred and seventy-two—a terribly large army of criminals. Indeed, of all local prisons in England, as distinguished from convict-prisons, Coldbath is the largest, with the greatest number of inmates. Wandsworth comes next with a mixed population of male and female prisoners, with an average of eleven hundred and twenty-seven, and Wakefield next, but at a long interval, with seven hundred and sixty-one.

So that this Coldbath prison may be regarded as the Metropolitan, or primate, among prisons, the best-known among all,

and, as it owns with honourable pride, the least liked of any. To sustain its rank Coldbath shows the following staff: A governor and deputy, two chaplains, two surgeons, ten schoolmasters and clerks, ninety-two warders, seventeen other officers,—in all a hundred and twenty-five. And the total amount of the prison budget is some twenty thousand pounds a year, or something less than twenty pounds as the yearly cost of a prisoner; but this amount is further reduced by the earnings of the prisoners, as will be seen presently, for we are now about to visit the industrial department of the prison.

The door opens upon a large hall half full of steam and vapour, while water is splashing, and clothes are being wrung out, and busy knots of men are about the various receptacles, stirring, wringing, rubbing, and going through all the processes of a laundry on a large scale. Nearly forty men are employed at this work, and only the presence of a uniformed warder, unruffled by toil, reminds us that we are not in an ordinary industrial establishment. The result of this washing and scrubbing is apparent in hundreds upon hundreds of bundles of just the same form and size, each of which is the convict's weekly kit—his shirt, stockings, drawers, and jumper jacket—and then as well, the whole of the washing of the staff and establishment is done here. Another iron doorway leads into the bakehouse, with its huge ovens and great kneading-troughs; and here are some sixteen prisoners at work making bread. It is whole-meal bread of the kind that outsiders have to pay fancy prices for, but the prisoners don't like it, and compare it unfavourably with the white and well-alumed "tommy" of private life. But what strikes one most forcibly in this and the other workshops, is that the prisoners seem perfectly to the manner born; these bakers here are as smart and effective as if they had been at the business from infancy.

"And such is the case, no doubt," said our conductor. There is no lack of workmen at any kind of trade in Coldbath Fields, nor of good workmen at that. Whatever might be wanted to be done, from the delicate work about a watch to the casting of so many tons of metal, there were men always to be had who were equal to the work. In the workshops, when a hand was wanted, he was always to be found among the prisoners; so that from one point of view you have in Coldbath Fields a great industrial factory, with workmen always

under lock and key, and with nothing to fear from strikes or combinations of the employed. Here, for instance, is some of the work done by the prisoners. First of all, the whole building work of the prison: brick and stone work, repairs, plastering, painting, and plumbing; then all the tin work, iron work, and carpentry. Then the tailoring: uniform clothing is cut out on scientific principles for all the local prisons in the country; much of it is made up; the clothing and bedding for the prisoners of this and other prisons is completely made. Thus there are thirty-three tailors constantly at work, and eight shoemakers are busy over the shoes of the prison, while some fifteen less skilful hands are cobbling the worn chaussure. Then there is the blacksmith's shop, where all the ironwork of the prison is made, and where a man may be seen forging the fetters which, if he prove outrageous, may be used to bind him. The mat-making sheds occupy some seventy men, and another squad of eighteen or so are making baskets and brooms for prisons and public departments. A great quantity of baskets was supplied by Coldbath Fields at the opening of the Parcels Post, and thousands of wooden cases have been recently furnished from the carpenter's shop for the use of the Post Office.

Then come the unskilled labours of those most unfortunate of prisoners who have learnt no trade, no art or handicraft except that of picking and stealing. For these the oakum-picking room, with its trays of neatly-arranged specimens of cordage, a slice of a huge hawser that may have towed the *Téméraire*, now weighed out by the pound to be reduced by finger and thumb to so much fine fibre once more. There are more than six hundred at this work, or nearly half the population of the prison; but it must not be supposed that all these are unskilled workmen. Many of them could take their places in the workshops if there were room for them. But oakum-picking is a neat and handy form of labour, as far as the administration is concerned, which can be done by the prisoner in his cell, and there is never too much oakum in the world, it seems, while the limits of the demand for cocoa-nut mats, we will say, is soon reached. Else the employment is not a very profitable one. The value of the labour of the six hundred oakum-pickers is put down in the prison reports at three hundred pounds a year, or ten shillings apiece, at which rate

the oakum-picker earns, allowing three hundred working days to the year, just two-fifths of a penny a day.

A more lively and varied occupation, and one more pleasant for the fingers, is paper-picking. Here is a big shed occupied by some six score men; some of them of a venerable and patriarchal appearance. It is never too late to get into prison, it seems. Here is an old gentleman of over seventy, whose passions have still force to lead him astray; and there is a fair sprinkling of greybeards among the paper-pickers, whose work is perpetually picking old envelopes and pieces of waste-paper out of one basket and dropping them into another. The public departments make great quantities of waste-paper; and of that, everything that is not docketed, and filed, and put away among the national archives, is brought to Coldbath Fields to be picked and sorted. And the recognised value of the labours of an active young fellow of business habits, about a basket of papers, is nearly twopence-halfpenny a day at Coldbath Fields, showing a considerable difference in tariff between this and similar occupations carried on further west.

And thus it is pretty evident that if the industrial departments of the prisons earn the large amount that is credited to them in the official reports—in round numbers some ten thousand pounds a year, or half the general charges of the prison—the result is due chiefly to the labours of the skilled workmen—the plumbers, smiths, carpenters, and so on—who make up by the value of their work for the profitless labours of the great mass of prisoners. And this may be an index to the enormous increase of the value of labour arising from technical instruction—since even in a prison the skilled workman is still profitable to the community. But, from another point of view, a visit to Coldbath prison is profoundly dispiriting. Here you have not a colony of gaol-birds, a class apart with whom it is not difficult to deal, but a great aggregate of the real working population of London. The faces you see passing along the prison corridors are the same kind of faces you meet in any London street; they belong to workmen who have robbed their masters, clerks and shopmen who have made free with the till, bank-clerks who have betrayed their trust, small people who have given way to small temptations, not a bit more criminal than thousands who are at large outside. But it is as the sign of a certain blight or mould



that seems to be creeping over whole classes of the community, that the presence of all these non-professional criminals becomes so disheartening. Here you have smart young fellows, fairly educated, and, with ordinary industry, quite above the reach of want, who have deliberately turned to predatory ways, as a kind of labour-saving contrivance, and with the full conviction that honesty is the best policy only for those who are too stupid to try any other.

But now we come to the strangest of all the sights in this great prison—the gallery where the great treadwheel continually revolves with a dull, resounding clank. It is a fine, well-ventilated hall, lighted from above; and on either side are rows of grey-coated prisoners, the strangest collection of human scaramouches, as, clinging to a wooden bar above them, they skip from step to step of the slowly-turning wheel, and are never an inch the farther advanced for all their skipping. A sad, terrible sight of human degradation—as painful to witness, perhaps, as to endure—with a ludicrous touch about it, too, that seems to add to the degradation. Not all the prisoners are at work, however, a third of them are resting—for each man's daily task is divided into quarter-hours, of which ten minutes are spent on the wheel and five minutes sitting down. A prisoner with a can goes round and supplies those who are resting with water. And this is the real hard-labour of the prison—an ordeal that all must go through who are thus sentenced. A month on the treadwheel is the preliminary for all who are not pronounced unfit by the prison-surgeon. As a punishment, it falls most heavily upon the least criminal; the regular prison-bird is accustomed to the work, his muscles have accommodated themselves to his peculiar conditions of life. But to the prisoner who has not been previously convicted, the first week or two are of positive torture, every muscle and sinew being racked and strained by the unaccustomed labour. Silence, of course, is imperative. The lightest accent brings punishment, and yet the prisoners contrive to talk upon the wheel. With faces to the revolving wheel, and without turning in either direction, a whisper is breathed in the air and meets a receptive ear. Occasionally the receptive ear is that of a warder, who, having a little leisure time, devotes it to the chase of small offences—a cruel sport, perhaps, but then the relations between prisoners and warders are not marked by confidence and affection.

But it is rather startling, as we pass by the ranks of prisoners toiling up their never-ending pairs of stairs, to hear, softly murmured, a distant personal allusion to the group of visitors passing through the ward. It is impossible to say whence the voice proceeds, and the warders shake their heads and look sterner than ever; but the incident has its cheering side as showing that all human spirit is not crushed out by the flanges of that hideous wheel.

Turning from the wheel-room, we see the result of this economic application of human force in the shape of mill wheels and stones, and powdery streams of flour. And in the prison report, the gang upon the wheel—a wheel which upon its capacious circumference has room for a hundred and twenty-five pair of feet, and yet is less capacious than the old wheel of the prison; which last caught fire some years ago, and was wholly destroyed, to the great joy of the world of habitual offenders—well, these hundred and twenty-five gangers on the wheel are euphemistically described as “employed in manufactures”—the grinding of wheat, that is, by a process the simplicity of which recalls the arts of primitive man. And the wheel-gang are credited with earning a hundred and thirteen pounds a year towards the cost of their keep—that is, not quite a penny a day per man. But, then, of course, the object is not profit, but the due correction of the prisoners. And, as a rough-and-ready method of punishment, applicable to all cases, and with little trouble—like the favourite bastinado of a more primitive jurisprudence—the treadwheel is a favourite method of discipline with most of the official authorities.

And the millstones grind small enough, if they grind slowly; and listening to the uncertain, intermittent pulse of the wheel, and thinking of the sighs and groans that are echoed in that doleful, clanking revolution, you wonder that the meal should trickle past so fine, and white, and sweet-smelling. Anyhow, the official reporters are satisfied the millstones work well; but they do not grind enough grist to supply the great bakery of the prison, which furnishes all the prisons of London with bread.

And now there only remains the chapel to visit—a square, cheerful-looking place, whose chancel is adorned with some neatness and taste by the hands of the prisoners. Something hearty in the way

of psalmody is heard here on Sundays, with a thousand or so of prisoners and wardens stretching their throats to the utmost.

Another less agreeable sight, however, is a vestibule, with the triangles, and a kind of iron horse, used for flogging hardened offenders against prison discipline. There are twenty recorded cases of punishment in one year at Coldbath Fields. But here end the gruesome associations of the prison—there is no execution-shed. Coldbath, as yet, is free from the dreadful presence of the gallows. There are deaths in the prison, as must necessarily be with such a resident population, but the prison mortality is exceptionally low. Last year there were only nine deaths among an average population, it may be remembered, of one thousand three hundred and seventy-two prisoners. And those nine who thus obtained release without resort to human clemency, are so fairly representative of the general bulk of prisoners that their trades may here be given: A carpenter, grocer's assistant, labourer, navvy, printer, shoeblack, tailor, waiter, and two generally described as labourers.

And as we are about to leave the prison-walls, we may think of those whose time is on the point of expiring, and who will on the morrow issue forth as free men into a world which is hardly prepared, perhaps, to welcome them very heartily. "And if I was something of a failure," a prisoner may say to himself, "when I had yet a character, what chance have I now, with the prison stain upon me?" But hands are stretched out to the discharged prisoner. Before he leaves the prison-gate the following invitation is placed in his hand: "Dear Friend,—You are kindly invited to partake of coffee and bread-and-butter, free of charge, at the Mission House, opposite the prison gates, on the right." And this is the liberated prisoner's first introduction to a society that is doing a good work among those who would otherwise drift hopelessly and forlornly from the prison gates.

#### REDMEN'S GRAVES.

WHO are the redmen? Do they belong to some old, old race, of which the Guanches in the Canary Isles, the Basques in Western Spain and France and Britain, and the ancient Egyptians, were offshoots, and

which was more widely spread in the New World, because that New World is, as geologists tell us, older—i.e., more unaltered in its features than the old? Or are they congeners of the yellowmen who fill all northern and a great deal of central Asia, modified from what we call the Mongolian type by ages of different life-conditions?

Who can tell? What is to be the test? Not language, which among tribes with no written literature has a constant tendency to change, and which in South America does change so fast that half a tribe, paddling away on a three years' voyage up one of the great rivers, will come back, Mr. Bates tells us, scarcely able to hold a conversation with the half that stayed at home. Not architecture, which depends so much on the materials at hand, so that even in England the stately grey home-steads all along the line of oolite, are quite unlike the pargetted black and white houses of Shropshire, or the flint walls of East Anglian dwellings.

How about burial customs? They are as lasting as any; witness the "wakes" that still in this end of the nineteenth century go on in Liverpool and London; and, on the whole, the redmen, differing in so many things, agree, all the continent over, in some of their ways of dealing with the dead. They agree, too, with Basques, and Guanches, and Egyptians, in their eagerness to prevent the earth from touching the dead person. The Egyptians never buried, they set their mummies where, when the restitution of all things came round, they might slip their cements and walk forth with all their kin and all their belongings around them. The Guanches also mummified their dead and put them away in caves. The Basques, or Euskarians—builders, we are told, of those rough stone boxes which used to be called cromlechs—laid the corpse on a flat stone, put up stone sides, and laid a big stone cover atop, and then heaped over this "cist" the cairn of earth or pebbles. The Red Indian generally dispenses with the cairn, and seldom has stone slabs wherewith to form the cist; but he is equally careful not to weigh down the soul with earthen clods. Sometimes he lays his dead in trees, sometimes on a platform of poles, sometimes in a canoe set up on posts. When he does heap up a mound, there is always a stick leading from the body to the surface, and up this the soul is supposed to climb and wing its way westward. When he digs

a vault he contrives to make it funnel-shaped, the big end downwards. The bottom is covered with fine mats, the walls hung with handsome shawls, blankets, skins, and not only the dead man's belongings, but contributions from his friends—a saddle, some dishes, ornamental pottery, etc.—are placed around. Then the corpse, wrapped in blankets, and wampum belts, and buffalo robes, is lowered into the vault; a pony (previously selected by the defunct) is strangled, and often a dog also, and their heads are placed on the grave, the mouth of which has been closed with neatly-fitting logs, and over these is laid a coating of earth. Here we have the same feeling which among ourselves prompts the village shopkeeper's widow to go to the expense of a "brick grave," instead of letting her husband sleep with nothing but the coffin-lid between him and the churchyard mould, after the fashion of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet."

When the Indians were great nations, instead of broken wandering tribes, their customs were more elaborate. Lawson, who wrote a history of the Carolinas in the first years of the last century, was struck with the care the Indians showed in keeping the corpse from contact with the soil. Their feeling was just the opposite of that expressed by "Earth to earth." Old travellers give quaint woodcuts of the quigozogon or mausoleum, in which dead people of note were laid. It was lined as well as floored with mats, and had its sides secured from falling in by well-spliced poles, which supported an arched roof. If all this seems too much trouble for "savages" to take, we must remember they were not savages—had many arts which they have lost through contact with the whites; and, from the unsparing way in which nowadays they give their best to their dead friends, we may argue that De Bry and Lafitau, and other explorers, simply depicted what they saw, and that the houses of the dead were, among some tribes, really far more sumptuous than those of the living. Here is an instance of this present-day unsparingness in a poor broken tribe in California. These Californians burn their dead, as do many Indians of the Far West; and the scene at a chief's burning reminds one of the burials of the old Greek heroes. "In his mouth were placed two gold twenties, and smaller coins on his breast and in his hands and ears. All his finery—feather mantles, plumes, clothes, shell-money, bows, arrows—was heaped upon

him; and as soon as the dirge and funeral-dance were set going, the Indian spectators began to lose their heads. One stripped off a brand-new broadcloth coat, and flung it on the pyre, howling piteously. Another was just throwing on a pile of blankets, when a white man offered him ten dollars for them, jingling the bright coins before his eyes." The redman hurled him aside, and threw his offering with the rest. Women kept throwing on all they had in the world—their gayest dresses, their shell necklaces. Indeed, so furious got the excitement that some of them would themselves have leaped in had they not been prevented. The idea was that the souls of the things thus burned went off charioted in the smoke-wreaths along with the soul of the dead man. At this funeral the white men who were looking on calculated that at least five hundred dollars' worth of goods was destroyed, and what surprised them most was that the Indians, at other times such close bargainers, wholly forgot their usual greed. "Why, he'd have cleared eight dollars if he'd sold me his blankets," said the man who had made the offer. "I only did it to try him, and precious glad I was when I saw he was too wild to snap at such a fancy price."

Where they do not burn they are equally lavish. Dr. Sternberg, of the United States army, found in Kansas, among the Cheyennes, a burial-case raised some eight feet from the ground on four notched uprights. Seeing that it was carefully constructed, his "civilised" instinct prompted him at once to send it to the Army Medical Museum at Washington, where it was found to consist of a box, six feet long, three high, and three deep, of white willow branches, neatly plaited, with a flooring of buffalo thongs, and straps fastening it to four twelve-foot ironwood poles, which had rested in the notched uprights. Outside were two buffalo-robes of the largest size, and inside five more, each bound round with a bright sash, were successively removed. Then came five blankets, two red, two blue, one white; and next a white and grey striped sack, and inside that a United States infantry overcoat—like all the other wrappings, nearly new. Then, on a pillow of rags, was the "medicine-bag" of the dead baby—of course it was a baby; all those wrappings left only room for a year-old child. The bag contained a parcel of red paint, some bits of deer-skin, along with straps, buckles, and other odds and ends. The inner wrappings were three splendid

robes, each about four feet long, of buffalo calf-skin, elaborately decorated with beadwork stripes—blue and white in the first, green and yellow in the next, blue and red in the innermost. The hoods, too, were richly ornamented with beadwork, and all round the robes little spherical brass bells were hung with strings of beads. Next was a grey woollen shawl, then five yards of blue cashmere, followed by six of red, and that again by six of brown calico, and in that last wrapping was the babe, with a beaver-fur cap, and long wampum necklaces, and strings of rare shells, among them that *Haliotis* from the Californian Gulf, so valued by the tribes living east of the Rocky Mountains. The dress was a red tunic, with beadwork frock leggings, red and black stockings, deerskin moccasins with beadwork, and over all a red flannel cloak. All the little creature's toys—a china doll, a vase, a pair of mittens, etc., were placed in the cloak. Think of the amount of self-denial in giving up all those blankets, and all that mass of bead and wampum work! The New Yorkers are only acting like those who held the land before them, when they spend such fabulous sums as the newspapers tell us they do on coffin decoration. Other tribes, instead of plaited willow boxes, use regular wooden chests, wonderfully carved, usually with a lid like a gabled roof, and always with an opening in the side through which food may be passed in, so that the soul may eat the souls of the good things provided by its friends. Old travellers wondered at these coffins set up above-ground; and the Spaniards—as little scrupulous as Dr. Sternberg about violating burial-places—found in some of them a deal of wealth. The burial boxes of a tribe on the Talomeco River, Oregon, are said to have furnished handfuls of pearls to a party of soldiers that was exploring the coast.

The Chinese, we must remember, also keep their coffins above-ground; and, ages ago, they used to be as reckless as the redmen in their offerings to the dead. The Scythians—probably also belonging to the yellow race—seem to us to have been the most lavish because of the quantity of gold found in their tombs. But gold was common in the Ural; and to a Scythian King even the treasures found in such a tomb as Koul-Oba, near Kertch, were not more valuable than all that calico, and those buffalo robes and blankets, were to the poor Cheyenne.

And yet, though the whole country from Kertch to the Sea of Azov is strewn with

burial mounds which from time immemorial have been ransacked for their treasures, there never has been such a find as this Koul-Oba (ash-heap), which somehow remained undisturbed till 1831, and in which, along with the King, his wife, his servants, and his horses, was found a weight of gold (to say nothing of electrum—gold alloyed with silver) in torques, bracelets, sword-hilts, dishes, goblets, etc., of one hundred and twenty pounds. Of this the Russian government was robbed of all but some fifteen pounds, though nominally the greatest precautions were taken to prevent pilfering. This Koul-Oba tomb was draped all round like the burial-vault of a Sioux; only, instead of being lined with furs, its lining was hangings of gold tissue, the only remaining parts of which are the gold nails that fastened them to the courses of stonework, and the masses of tangled gold thread and heaps of thin stamped gold ornaments with which the ground close beneath the walls is covered. You can see at South Kensington reproductions of some of the Koul-Oba things; and, seeing them, you will marvel at the strange feeling which gave to the dead what the living could but ill spare. To keep any large percentage of a nation's wealth in treasure-houses, like that in which Sir Bedivere wanted to put Excalibur, seems to us to savour of barbarism. But such treasures can be used at a pinch. Henrietta Maria turned into money a good deal of the chased and jewelled work that Plantagenets and Tudors had stored up; and what she did not succeed in sending off, the Parliament found very useful; whereas treasures in tombs are lost for ever to the nation that buries them. A redman will sooner freeze than use the most mouldering of coffin-poles or uprights to light his fire; and so the Scythians looked on the vases, bracelets, plates of gold, etc., buried with their dead Kings, as something which it would be sacrilege to touch. The mounds were never desecrated till long after the Scythians had passed away—till the Genoese—so proverbially sharp that it takes two Jews to outwit one of them—came sailing about in those parts.

Any nation that would thrive must give up this excessive funeral unthrift. Do not think I am preaching in the interests of the Cheap Funeral Society; though it always annoys me, in West Cornwall, where they like to "bury decent," to see the coffin covered with good black cloth, and the white-metal plates, and the lining of fine



flannel, when I know that, tin being down so low, the survivors would be glad of the money thus wasted to add a little butcher's meat to their dry bread and pilchards. No; I was thinking of the Chinese, and how cleverly they, while mostly keeping up appearances, have managed to slip out of the cost of funerals. Time was when they, too, offered all that was rarest and best at their tombs; but they have found out that a red paper horse and state dress of gilt paper are just as useful to the ghost as things that the survivors can ill spare.

The redmen have not yet learnt this cheap way of testifying regard. Even when they do not burn or bury everything, they give everything away. It seems a point of honour with the relations that they, and not the dead, should be left as bare as Job after his successive losses. Sometimes, instead of a gift to everyone present at the funeral, there is what they call a "ghost gamble." The dead man's goods are parcelled out into many small lots. In the centre of the lodge is the bundle containing a lock of hair, which stands instead of the corpse, and which the widow has to carry about with her for a year. Close beside this seats himself a near relative chosen to act as ghost; and he plays against all comers. The game is (or was, till cards came in with whiskey and shoddy blankets) a certain throw of eight marked wild-plum stones. Nothing is staked; but everyone who beats the ghost takes one of the lots; everyone whom the ghost beats goes off empty-handed. For a dead woman's goods only women play, using seven instead of eight stones.

The carrying for twelve moons a "husband" of wampum, and clothes, and feathers, is a release from the old custom by which the widow had to carry his bones all through the second year after his death, after daily offering food at his grave for the whole of the first year. The clothes are her own best; and during the time she has to wear her worst, and her hair is never dressed unless a female friend comes and combs it out for her. It may interest those who are working to change our marriage-laws to know that, though during her year of mourning she must not even talk to men in general, and, if caught doing so, has her hair cut off close to the roots by the women of her tribe, there is an exception in favour of her husband's unmarried brothers and cousins, and others of the same "totem" (family-mark). Any one of these she may

marry; indeed, if at the funeral one of the brothers walks her across the grave, she is forthwith his wife, the bundle and other mourning-rites being dispensed with.

As we saw in the case of the baby Cheyenne, the deepest mourning is that for children. A Chippeway mother makes a doll and nurses it for a year, dropping little bits of food close to the imitation mouth. Among the Senel, in California, the mother goes, day by day, for twelve moons, to her babe's grave, or to some place where her little one used to play when alive, and piteously calls on it to return, sometimes singing a hoarse chant, like that which Mrs. Hemans idealised in her *Messenger Bird*, with its melancholy refrain, "We call, and they answer not again. Oh, say, do they love there yet?" and swaying her body to and fro in a weird dance.

Looking over the bulky report (six hundred quarto pages) of the Smithsonian Bureau of Ethnology, I am struck with the want of intelligence of many of the reporters. Knowing how carefully in Germany and France, and our own isles, enquirers have, since the days of the Brothers Grimm, been searching out and jotting down every vestige of old custom, one cannot help being amused at the off-hand way in which a man who hears a Senel dirge that sounds like "Hellellu, Hellelily," jumps to the conclusion that "the Indians must be descended from the Lost Tribes, for he heard them singing Hallelujah." Of human sacrifices, as well as suicides at graves, there is, however, apparently no doubt. Bossu, more than a century ago, tells us that when, among the Natchez of Louisiana, one of the nobles ("Suns," they called them) died, a large number always killed themselves; those, too, who married girls of the "Sun" blood, had to die if their wives died first. Not forty years ago, in Oregon, a Wascopun chief tied to his dead son, mouth to mouth, the lad who had been his comrade in all his youthful games, and huntings, and fishings. Among the tribes of Panama, when a suckling mother dies, her babe is placed at her breast and left at the burial place; and this not from the wish to get rid of the encumbrance, but because the other world is felt to be only one step from this, and in taking that step, the poor orphan will be helped by her whose spirit is supposed to be still there.

A striking proof of this faith in the after-life as a continuation of this, comes out in the account of a Modoc funeral.

This was the tribe that made such desperate fight in 1873 at the Lava Beds. They had been crushed out; and the survivors were being carried away captive to Fort Klamath, when a great warrior, Curly-headed Jack, shot himself, unable to bear being torn from the rocky home to which they all clung so fondly. At first his friends would not believe he was dead. His mother laid his head in her lap, scooped the blood from his ear, and with it smeared herself and the other women of his family. Another old woman kept chafing his heart, another blew in his face. The soldiers dug a grave and buried him white-fashion; but Bogus Charley was seen running eagerly about the camp, trying to exchange a two-dollar currency-bill for silver. He owed the dead man that sum, and thought the States' paper would be of no value in the other world. A soldier gave him change, and, relieved and delighted, he flung it on the corpse. What is the use of talking about race, as proved by custom, when we know that the old Gauls, as far removed as possible from any kinship with redmen, used to promise to pay in the next life the debts they could not discharge in this, and that such promises were held to be as good as actual present payment? The fact is, many customs and beliefs belong not to this race nor to that, but to man in a particular stage of development. The red-man now is in the state in which the Gaul was when Greek ethnologists used to note down his habits and manners.

But now and then, one does meet something which is so like something else, that one is almost forced to believe in identity of race. Everyone who has read Herodotus remembers his weird story of how a Scythian King was buried. His Queens, and favourite pages, and horses were not simply slaughtered round his corpse, but were stood upright by means of wooden spars driven along the backbone, the horses having cross-spars down the legs, and the King being pinned by a wooden spike upright on the back of his upright charger, a great mound being afterwards heaped over it all. Catlin tells of the strangely similar burial of Blackbird, a great chief of the Omahas. "Take me," he said, "to the top of my favourite bluff that overlooks the river, where I may see the Frenchmen going up and down in their boats, and sit me on my favourite war-horse—the milk-white one—and bury us both together." As he directed, so it was done. He was set astride on

the horse, all the tribe, and the Indian agent, and several fur-traders looking on; in his hand was put his bow; his shield, and quiver, and pipe, and well-filled tobacco-pouch, and "medicine-bag," and a supply of dried meat were slung round him, along with flint, and steel, and tinder, that he might light his pipe on his long road. The scalps that he had taken were hung to his bridle; and he, with face freshly painted red, and war-eagle head-dress, was decked in full costume. The medicine-man then sang his dirge, and then every warrior of the tribe painted the palm and fingers of his right hand with vermilion, and stamped them on the horse's sides. Then turfs were placed round the horse's feet and legs, then up to its sides, then over the unsuspecting animal's back, until, at last, both its head and the head and plume of the rider were covered. I suppose Catlin is trustworthy. Of the Mandans he tells that they keep the skulls of their dead on a mound near the village; each skull rests on a tuft of sage-scrub, and, by the shape of these, the survivors know their own, and go and have a talk with them, setting before them the best food the wigwam affords, just as the Romans used, on anniversaries, to take funeral meats to their tombs, and as Gaelic chieftains used to creep in through the narrow galleries into the chambered mounds where their forefathers were laid, in order to ask counsel and help of them.

More widely spread among redmen than any other custom is that of twice burial; the dead are seldom left to rest where they are first laid; after a year (twelve moons) the bones are gathered and placed with those of their forefathers; the great chiefs, among some tribes, being kept apart in small chests of split cane or reed. These chests, preserved in the "medicine lodges" or temples, have been used to prove an Israelitish descent. Adair and other writers say "they are arks, after the fashion of that which was kept in the Tabernacle." De Breboeuf, the Jesuit missionary, thus describes a great reinterment among the Hurons before the tribe was broken up: "There were at least two thousand Indians present, who offered, in token of their grief, some twelve hundred gifts. The bones, belonging to five Huron villages, were laid in a gigantic shroud made of forty-eight robes, each robe being composed of ten beaver-skins. In this they were carefully wrapped and then covered with moss and bark, a few grains of maize being first thrown in on them by the women. A wall of stones was then

built all round, and the feast of the dead was held, after which the souls, supposed to be till now in the neighbourhood of their remains, were free to go their western journey." Here, again, we are met with a contradiction; for either Father Brebœuf is wrong or the Hurons differed from other tribes; the fourth day is (we are elsewhere assured) the time when the spirit begins its departure, fires being lighted on the grave till that day that the ghost may be kept warm. There is a discrepancy in the two accounts, due probably to the exceeding unwillingness with which "natives" enter into such explanations. Something must remain, or food would not be served all through the year; yet something is also supposed to take a speedy departure. One school of American archaeologists solves the matter by saying that native belief credits everything with at least two souls. It must be very hard to get at the real feelings of Red Indians; everybody who has tried knows how hard it is to find out what people in our own land think about death and the after-world. Read what hard work Mr. Campbell in the Hebrides, and M. Villemarqué in Brittany, found it to collect legends, how they had to get them, so to speak, by surprise; and anyone who has tried to collect folk-lore in outlying parts of England knows it is the same with that. People get shy, and shut their mouths the moment they suspect you are pumping them. Hence I fancy a good deal of the inferences drawn from redmen's burial-customs are only inferences. I cannot believe that an Indian would explain it all to an inquisitive white, even if the white was an Indian agent. One thing is certain: the dead are in some sense held to be very near; sometimes a thread is passed in a straight line from the wigwam to the grave as if to keep up the connection; but the presence, though recognised, is never referred to. They are as chary of talking of their dead as a Turk is of discussing his wife's health with a man he meets in the street. At the first funeral feast the dead is talked of; the games (so grand and long continued when the tribes were at their best), the cutting and maiming, chopping off finger-joints, and all the rest of it, go on while the praises of the dead are being said and sung. The same at the reinterment, when the bones are put away; but otherwise the name is seldom or never uttered. Why? Not, surely, for fear of bringing down the

ghost's malice? That is why the wild non-Hindoo tribes in Central India consign their dead to total oblivion. They put a pot of food in a tree near the grave, saying: "We were good to you in life, and now we have done all we can for you. Go away; we do not want to see you any more." But this cannot be the feeling of those of whose lasting regard and tender reverence we have been noting down so many instances.

Another custom, once as widespread as that of collective reinterment, but, like it, necessarily limited by the encroachments of the whites, is that of burying always in "the sepulchres of their fathers." A tribe that has been out buffalo-hunting and has lost several people, has been known to tie them on horses, and bring them—a ghastly cavalcade, reminding us of those "caravans of the dead" met with now and then in Persia—hundreds of miles to the tribal burying-place. With such burying-places the "pioneers of civilisation" made short work. We are not over careful of our dead. Old City graveyards, and some that can scarcely be called old, are dug out and the contents carted off; and the "jerry"-builder pays for his houses by selling the valuable subsoil, and fills in his foundations with the remains of citizens. It is this uncertainty as to our securing a sure resting-place which is one of the arguments for cremation; and if we deal so with our own people we cannot expect United States men of the Far West to care much for the feelings of Red Indians. The Indians have been moved westward; their burial-places must go with them. One thing is startling in this Smithsonian Report. The Indians are not likely to disappear, in spite of continual shiftings to fresh and fresh reserves. "They are not much diminished," we are told, "in numbers, while those longest in contact with civilisation are increasing." Very comforting that for members of the Aborigines Protection Society; but hardly credible to those who have read in old travellers the accounts of the numbers who used to occupy the districts where now there has not been an Indian for centuries.

Many or few, however, the Indians will gradually lose their burial like their other customs. They will dig graves as the whites do (unless, indeed, the Yankees take to cremation all of a sudden); they will think better of burning or burying so much property with their dead; they will not even strangle an old pony when a chief dies, much less three hundred ponies as the



Comanches have done before now at the funeral of a very great man; they will give up the cutting, and maiming, and the ball-play, and the lamentation ("keening," the Irish call it), though a very matter-of-fact Smithsonian suggests that its object may have been "to prevent premature interment!" Never again, among "civilised" tribes, will a good twenty-five feet canoe be "wasted" by being turned into a coffin, as a missionary in Washington Territory saw done not many years ago. With the arts of white men will come the economy of white men, and that love of heirlooms which is just the opposite of the "spend everything at the funeral" feeling. No one will ever henceforth be buried in a river-bed, a place which makes us think of Alaric, at whose burial the Vasantos, in Calabria, was turned out of its course, the slaves who dug the grave in its dry bed being slaughtered, that no one might know where the spot was. What a chance, that, for Dr. Schliemann, when he has done with Agamemnon and Mycenæ!

The redmen, poor things, never had anything worth digging for, except in a few places, which those clever looters, the Spaniards, have long since pretty well ransacked. How (in Hakluyt) Strachey, writing of the Virginia Indians, despises the "pearle" (mother of pearl), "copper, beads, and such trashe, sowed in a skynne," which he says are stuffed into the bodies of the dead. Instead of reinterment of bones, according to him, the bones were prepared by scraping off the flesh as soon as death had taken place. "The flesh was dried upon hurdells into ashes, which they put into little pots, like the auncient urnes. The anathomy of the bones they bind or case up in leather, hanging bracelets, or chaines of copper beads, pearle, or such-like as they use to wear about most of their joints and neck, and so repose the body upon a little scaffold, laying by the feet all his riches in several basketts, his apook and pipe, and any one toy which in his life he held most deare in his fancy." Strachey says that only the kings are so treated, and that their final resting-place is the temples, "where the priests are colledged as ministers to exercise themselves in contemplation, for they are seldom out of them, and maynteyne continually fier in the same, upon a hearth somewhat near the east end." What a change since that kind of thing went on in "Old Virginny"! The common people

were buried, Strachey says (as other writers tell us the Florida Indians were), in a sitting posture, in holes lined with fur, and timbered over to keep the soil from touching the dead. This sitting posture is common in many parts. Some people in Britain used to bury that way. I remember seeing in the side of a Wiltshire chalk quarry near Rood Ashton a number of so-called "Saxon" graves, the skeleton in each with its knees up to its nose. Why? The utilitarian says because such graves take so much less digging; surely rather, since among most early races nothing is too costly to be spent on the dead, either because it was the posture of the living man, or from the horror which redmen, at any rate, feel of letting the earth touch the dead body.

One word about urn-burial, comparatively rare in North America. The present redmen never seem to have used it; but the "mound-builders," whether they were a different race, or the more civilised ancestors of the present tribes, did use urns for reinterments. And Professor Swallow says that sometimes the skull only was inurned, and that in an urn so small that it must have been moulded over the head. If he is right, here is a strange reproduction of Chaldee usage. In Rawlinson's Herodotus we read that Chaldean funeral-jars are sometimes too small at the mouth to admit of the skull being passed in.

One useful hint we may take from the redmen's usage. A Cornishman, who has lost a relative, will not go to mine between the death and the funeral. He is like the Esquimaux, a death among whom condemns all the women of the village to four days' idleness, while for five days the men must not use an axe, and the kinsfolk abstain for a whole year from seeking birds'-eggs lest they should be tripped up and fall over the cliffs. The Sioux has truer notions of "the dignity of labour." For ten days the women get up early and work all day unusually hard, joining in no game, dance, or feast, and eating little, stinting themselves of sleep and food alike. The men, after one day's fast, go on the war-path, or else take a long hunting journey alone. There is no idling about because the tribe has lost a man or woman; they consider that all the more reason for being up and doing. There are, of course, the two funeral feasts with their games, one a year after the other; but these are, like other "savage" ceremonies, quite as hard work as anything that a Red Indian ever does.

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# IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

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## CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD AND SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels; in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated

without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and

which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy, the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

#### NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstances, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observation of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine

which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effect in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick-rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid; we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by

their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the bur-

den thus imposed upon it, that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found—no, none which will perform the task with greater certainty, than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed, that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these **PILLS** should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted that, by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy **OLD AGE**.

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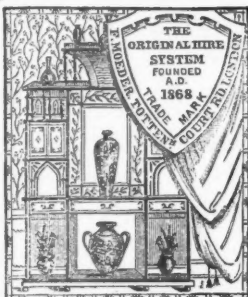
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